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AND IMAGE COMICS PRESENTS

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STORY
RICK VEITCH

ART
JOEL THOMAS

LETTERING
RICHARD STARKINGS
COMICRAFT'S WES ABBOTT

COLOR
TODD BROEKER
JAY FOTOS AND DREW HUTCHINSON

PRESIDENT OF ENTERTAINMENT
Terry Fitzgerald

ART DIRECTOR
Brent Ashe

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Beau Smith

DESIGNERS
John Gallagher and Boyd Williams

MANAGING EDITOR
Melanie Simmons

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR FOR IMAGE COMICS
Larry Marder

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WHEELS TURN.
ENGINE ROARS.

HORNS GO BEEP-A-BEEP.
SIT LONG IN METAL CAR.

SMILE AT FEET.

HAPPY NEW SHOES SMILE BACK.

SCARED.

MOM STEER METAL CAR
LOOK STRAIGHT AHEAD.

SAY, "EVERYTHING BE FINE" IN FIBBY VOICE.

HOSPITAL FEAR SMELL NOW.

NICE NURSE GIVES LOLLY, COOS "DOCTOR WILLHEIM SEE YOU SOON, MICHAEL".

FIBBY VOICE, TOO.

STRAPPED TIGHT TIGHT.

PAYN

WHEEL DOWN SICK SMELL CORRIDOR. LONGEST EVER.

HAPPY NEW SHOES STILL ON FEET.

OPERATING ROOM NOW.

DEATH SMELL DOCTOR SAY, "NOT HURT; NOT ONE LITTLE BIT."

NOT USE FIBBY VOICE.

DEATH SMELL DOCTOR LIE.

CUTTING HURTS. CHOPPING HURTS. SAWING HURTS.

HURT NOT BOTHER SO MUCH. HURT NOT WORSE PART.

REMEMBER WORSE PART.

WORSE PART WHEN DEATH SMELL DOCTOR TALK LIKE GOD.

WORSE PART COMING.

POWER

WORSE PART PRETTY BAD.

WORSE PART WORSE THAN REMEMBER.

SMILE AT FEET AGAIN.
HAPPY NEW SHOES NOT THERE TO SMILE BACK.

HEY, TWEETER -- CHECK OUT THE SIM -- HE'S MOVIN'!

MURPH, ARE YOU HITTIN' THE DOG-JUICE AGAIN? THIS MONKEY'S STONE-COLD...

SEE THAT? SEE THAT? HE MOVED HIS EYES. THERE'S SOME SORT OF SPARKIN' GOIN' ON IN HIS HEAD!

WHEELS TURNING. HORNS GO BEEP-A-BEEP.

THIS NOT MOM'S METAL CAR.

HOP ON THE COM-LINK. QUICK!

CAUTION

HEY, YOU GUYS UP IN FRONT -- WE GOT ONE OF THEM SELF-ADJUSTING MILITARY FOUL-UPS BACK HERE!

LOOKS LIKE J. FRED MUGGS HAS STILL GOT SOME PISS AND VINEGAR IN 'IM!

NOT WANT STRAPS TIGHT TIGHT NO MORE.

TWEETER-- HE'S BUSTIN' LOOSE!

I'M GONNA GREASE THE FREAK BEFORE HE...

GUYS! THE SIM'S ALIVE! REPEAT ALIVE!

HE'S GOT TWEETER HE'S GONNA...

NOT LIKE DEATH SMELL DOCTOR!

NOT LIKE NICE NURSE NO MORE NEITHER.

GOT TO BE FREE. FREE FREE FREE!

THE SIM'S GOIN' BANANAS BACK THERE!

I CAN'T HOLD IT! CAN'T HOLD IT --

ALL BETTER NOW.

CHEETAH ESCORT TO PROJECT BASE! WE'VE GOT A SITUATION HERE. THE SIM IS ALIVE. REPEAT CY-GOR IS ON THE LOOSE!

HE'S IN THE OPEN, BUT THE AREA IS CRAWLING WITH CIVILIANS. REQUEST MORT PERSONALLY AUTHORIZE OUR NEXT MOVE. OVER.

MORTIE? IT'S SARAH AT THE OFFICE. I TOLD HER WE WERE ALMOST READY FOR DINNER, BUT SHE SAYS IT'S IMPORTANT.

OH-KAY! HANG ON A MINUTE, JOEY. LET ME TALK TO MY SECRETARY AND THEN GRAMPY WILL READ YOU YOUR BOOK.

HI, SARAH. YUH. GOT THE WHOLE FANG-DANGLY HERE. YUH. SO, WHAT'S UP?

NO KIDDING. STILL ALIVE? HUH. LOOSE IN THE CITY? WHICH PART?

HMM. LET'S SEE... DIDN'T WE HAVE A MEETING TO DISCUSS THE POSSIBILITY OF SOMETHING LIKE THIS COMING UP?

I THINK WE DECIDED TO EXERCISE ALL CAUTION, BUT THAT CIVILIAN CASUALTIES WERE UNAVOIDABLE AND ACCEPTABLE. YUH.

YUH. GET THE MEDIA TEAM ON IT.

THEY'LL WORK THEIR USUAL MAGIC, I'M SURE. YUH. SO I HEAR WE GOT A NEW KID COMING IN? YUH. WHAT'S HIS NAME? ZEVON?

YUH, I THINK HE HAS REAL POTENTIAL. YUH. RIGHT, YUH.

WELL, YOU HAVE A NICE SUNDAY, SARAH. SAY 'HI' TO THE FAMILY. YUH. WE'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW. I WILL. YUP. 'BYE.

GRANDPA? WHAT ARE "SUBILLIONS"?

Curious George

CIVILIANS? OH, JUST DETAILS, PARTNER. JUST DETAILS.

NOW. WHERE WERE WE...?

THE SIM'S HEADIN' FOR A HOOTCH.

IF WE'RE GOING TO PUT HIM DOWN WITH THE M-SIXTYS IT'S NOW OR NEVER!

MORT SAYS DUST HIM AND DAMN THE TORPEDOES. I JUST HOPE HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING!

WANT HAPPY NEW SHOES BACK SMILING ON FEET.

VINTAGE CLOTHING AND SH

CUTTIN' WOOD! CUTTIN' WOOD!

klothes

HAPPY NEW SHOES I SEE YOU! HOW YOU GET IN THERE?

KEE-RIST ON A CRUTCH! IT DIDN'T EVEN SLOW HIM DOWN! WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

COPS AND EMERGENCY SERVICES ARE ON THE WAY.

SWEEP THE AREA. SANCTION ANY SURVIVORS...

HAPPY NEW SHOES NOT FIT NO MORE!

NOT SMILING!

NOT HAPPY NO MORE!

LET'S LEAVE HIM LAUGHIN'.

ALWAYS REMEMBER, WARNER...PEOPLE TURN ON THE TUBE BECAUSE THEY NEED TO BE ENTERTAINED.

ORCHESTRATING COVER STORIES IS JOB ONE HERE AT THE USSG. HECKUVA GOOD LESSON ON YOUR FIRST DAY.

THE "ILLEGAL DRUG FACTORY EXPLOSION" STORY SEEMS TO BE WORKING, MORT.

DON'T KID YOURSELF, WARNER. THEY FORGOT THAT ONE TEN MINUTES AFTER WE FED IT TO 'EM.

THE "LITTLE GIRL TRAPPED IN THE RUBBLE" HAS GOT THEIR HEARTSTRINGS NOW.

TOMORROW THE "INTERNET CHAT ROOM SERIAL SUICIDE" SHOULD TAKE US RIGHT OFF THEIR RADAR.

HUMAN NATURE, WARNER. IT'S A WONDERFUL THING.

I'M IN AWE OF HOW YOU USE IT TO YOUR ADVANTAGE, MORT.

OOPS! HA HA! THIS LITTLE FELLOW REMINDS ME -- WHAT ABOUT THE SIM?

TECH BOYS GOT A READING. WE KNOW HE'S BURIED UNDER THERE SOMEWHERE.

AFTER WE FIND HIM, RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT WILL DO A RETOOL AND YOU AND I ARE OFFICIALLY UP AND RUNNING WITH PHASE TWO OF PROJECT SIM.

THIS SIM THING SOUNDS PRETTY DANGEROUS, THOUGH, MORT. WHAT IF IT GETS LOOSE AFTER THEY REANIMATE... HEY!

HE'S GOT MY ROLEX!

EEEET! EEEET!

EEEET!

HEY! GIMME THAT WATCH BACK! IT'S MINE!

WHAT? WHAT? NO ENGLISH! NO ENGLISH!

"NO ENGLISH" MY ASS! THAT LITTLE MONSTER BOOSTED MY WATCH AND IF I DON'T GET IT RIGHT NOW I'M CALLING A COP!

legal advisor

NO COPS. NO COPS. BIG MISTAKE.

HERE, MISTER FANCY-PANTS. SORRY ABOUT YOUR ROLEX.

GREGOR'S JUST A MONKEY. HE DOESN'T KNOW ANY BETTER.

UHHH, YEAH. WELL, OKAY.

UH, THANK YOU, UH...THANKS.

BOY, THAT WAS SOME SHOT OF JUICE BETWEEN YOU AND THAT GYPSY JAILBAIT.

THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HOW SHE LOOKED AT ME. ALMOST AS IF SHE COULD READ MY MIND OR ...

WAIT A MINUTE! THIS ISN'T MY ROLEX!

IT'S JUST A CHEAP FAKE!

THAT BRAZEN LITTLE...! SHE MUST HAVE...

...PULLED THE RUG RIGHT OUT FROM UNDER YOU, WARNER!

GROUND SHAKY SHAKE.

BIG MOUNTAIN HEAVING.

VOMITS.

EATS SUN IN SKY!

NO HIDEY PLACE FROM BURNING ROCKS.

HITTING BREAKING SMASHING.

EYES NOT WORK NO MORE.

EARS WORK OKAY STILL.

LAUGHING SOUND FAR OFF PLAYING.

MONKEY CHITCHIT CLOSE BY.

SAD MONKEY MEW-MEWING.

MONKEY HANDS PICKING GROOMING.

HOT WET THING BURSTS IN GUT.

MUSIC SAD NOW.

CRYING NOW.

DYING NOW.

MONKEY HANDS PULLING HEAD METAL.

MAKE WORSE PART PRETTY BAD AGAIN.

WORSE PART OVER. EYES WORK NOW.

EEEEP?

MONKEY EYES LOOK BACK.

MONKEY CHATTER GOSSIP.

CHITTA CHITCHIT OOKA EEP.

PRATTLE ON OF LOVING HUMANS.

WANT TO WARN MONKEY LOVING HUMANS BIG MISTAKE.

WANT TO TELL MONKEY HUMAN DOCTOR CUT CHOP SEW.

GAWWW?

PUT MAN MIND IN HEAD. MAKE HELL LIFE.

NO WORDS COME BUT MONKEY KNOWING.

MONKEY FEELING.

LOVE SAD SAD COMFORT.

THEN SAME OLD SAME OLD.

HUMANS SPOIL ALWAYS.

BINGO! TELL MORT WE HAVE A VISUAL ON THE SIM.

MONKEY SCARED. RIP HEAD METAL OUT BY ROOTS.

WORSE PART EVER.

SIM

HE'S CROAKED ALL RIGHT. RATS ARE HAVIN' A BANQUET...

WAIT A MINUTE. THAT AIN'T A RAT!

IT'S A MONKEY!

I BET IT'S THE SAME CRITTER THAT RIPPED OFF THE NEW TWINK'S WATCH! HA!

HEART COUGH SPUTTER NOW.

ALL DONE PAIN NOW.

THE LITTLE BUGGER'S STICKY-FINGERED ALL RIGHT. HE GRABBED A PIECE OF THE SIM.

I'LL PUT HIM IN COLD STORAGE.

ALL DONE HELL LIFE.

ALL DONE TIME.

HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN BACK BY NOW, SASA.

IF SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO GREGOR I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'LL DO.

YOU'VE BEEN AWAY FROM THE OLD COUNTRY TOO LONG, SASA! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW BAD IT GOT -- WHAT WE HAD TO DO TO SURVIVE.

AT YOUR AGE, FATIMA, YOU SHOULD HAVE YOUR SIGHTS SET ON RICH YOUNG MEN, NOT POOR LITTLE MONKEYS.

YOU MEAN LIKE THE MISTER FANCY-PANTS WE PICKED THIS WATCH FROM?

NOT EVEN A GREEN CARD IS WORTH THAT!

SARAH

SO WHAT AM I -- A MONKEY'S UNCLE?! AAH! HERE COMES THE RASCAL -- LOADED DOWN WITH SOME SHINY TRINKET!

GREGOR! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, YOU BAD MONKEY! AND WHAT HAVE YOU BROUGHT US THIS TIME?

EEEP EEEEEEEP!

TROUBLE'S WHAT HE'S BROUGHT, MA'AM...

RIGHT TO YOUR DOOR-STEP.

AFTER THE SOLDIERS TOOK PAPA AWAY, MAMA FED US ON THE FAVORS OF ALL THOSE STINKING SECRET POLICEMEN. SHE HATED AND FEARED THEM SO...

IN THE END SHE DIDN'T WANT TO LIVE ANY MORE. GREGOR'S THE ONLY FAMILY I HAVE LEFT.

NO ENGLISH! NO ENGLISH!

OUT OF THE WAY. WE'RE TAKING THE MONKEY.

OVER MY DEAD BODY, YOU FILTHY PIGS!

EEEP EEEEP!

RUN, GREGOR, RUN!

HE'S HEADING FOR THE TALL TIMBER! PUT THE BINDERS ON 'IM!

I WON'T MISS THE LITTLE BUGGER THIS TIME.

STOP IT! STOP IT! NOOO!

I MIGHT BE A LITTLE NEW TO ALL THIS, BUT ONE THING I DO KNOW...

IT JUST DOESN'T PAY TO STEAL FROM UNCLE SUGAR.

MULLINS BROS. CANNERY

CONGRATULATIONS, WARNER! FIRST DAY ON THE JOB AND YOU'VE BROUGHT HOME THE BACON!

EVEN ROUNDED UP YOUR LITTLE MIND-READER AND HER GYPSY BAND! YOU ARE DESTINED FOR GREATNESS IN THIS BUSINESS, SON!

EXIT

WELL, YOU KNOW ME, MORT. ALWAYS TRYING TO GET AHEAD.

SO WE GOOD TO GO WITH THE SIM?

WE'VE CORRALLED ALL HIS BITS AND PIECES. THEY TELL ME THE TECHIES ARE SUITED UP AND READY FOR US OFFSHORE.

HERE! GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU FROM SUPPLY OPS!

OOOH. NINE MILLIMETER. SWEET. YOU TRIED IT?

NO, NO, I HATE THE DAMNED THINGS. JUST WANTED TO MAKE SURE YOU'D BEEN TAKEN CARE OF IS ALL.

LISTEN, I'LL GO ON AHEAD WITH THE SIM. WHY DON'T YOU STICK AROUND AND CATCH THE NEXT CHOPPER OUT?

OH, AND, UH, TIE UP ANY LOOSE STRINGS.

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR MISTER FANCY-PANTS?

OR SHOULD I CALL YOU MISTER SECRET POLICEMAN?

FATIMA -- BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY...

NO, SASA -- I KNOW WHAT HE IS. IN THE OLD COUNTRY WE LEARNED TO SMELL SWINE LIKE HIM WHEN THEY CAME TO KILL US IN OUR BEDS.

YOU TOLD ME THAT IN AMERICA THE POLICE WERE NOT THUGS AND MURDERERS. THAT IF I CAME HERE I WOULD NOT HAVE TO LIVE IN FEAR AND TERROR ANY LONGER.

BUT NOW I SEE THE TRUTH. MY GREGOR IS DEAD AND WE ARE TO JOIN HIM. ALL BECAUSE WE GOT IN THE WAY OF THE CRAZY PLANS OF HIM AND HIS FRIENDS.

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? PUT THE BULLETS IN OUR BRAINS AND BE DONE WITH YOUR DIRTY BUSINESS, MISTER FANCY-PANTS! PTUUH!

I BELIEVE YOU HAVE SOMETHING OF MINE.

THANK YOU.

NOW -- NEITHER OF YOU UNDERSTOOD A WORD THAT WAS SPOKEN HERE, AM I CORRECT?

YES. YES. NO ENGLISH! NO ENGLISH!

RIGHT. NO ENGLISH.

JUST MAKE SURE YOU KEEP IT THAT WAY.

IN THE END, IT IS THE MUSIC THAT KEEPS THEM.

THE SAME UNDULATING MELODY HAS ALWAYS ACCOMPANIED THEIR SLOW MARCH TO THE GRAVEYARD.

THE SAME MEASURED NOTES OF DRONING DIGNITY THAT FORGE A SINGLE SOLEMN PROCESSION ACROSS THE CENTURIES.

ALL THE LOSS, ALL THE SADNESS, ALL THE GRIEF...

THE ANCIENT DIRGES HOLD THEM ALL.

AND MORE.

TO THOSE WHO HOLD TO THE OLD WAYS OF SYGIL AND SIGN...

AND THOSE STILL FLUENT IN THE MOTHER TONGUE OF MYTH AND FABLE...

IT IS A POWERFUL RAM WITH WHICH THE WALLS OF PERCEPTION MAY BE BREACHED...

THE SEPARATION OF PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE TORN ASUNDER...

AND SECRETS SEALED IN CALAMITY'S TOMB BETRAYED.

FATIMA -- WHAT'S WRONG? WHY DO YOU DROP YOUR INSTRUMENT?

IT'S GREGOR! MOTHER OF GOD -- I'VE SEEN HIM!

YOU'VE ALWAYS HAD THE GIFT -- JUST LIKE YOUR MOTHER, BLESS HER SOUL.

TO SEE SUCH THINGS IS NOT A GIFT, UNCLE. IT IS A CURSE.

GREGOR'S NOT DEAD -- HE'S ALIVE. THEY ARE DOING THE MOST HORRIBLE THINGS TO HIM.

TELL ME, GIRL -- WHERE HAVE THEY TAKEN GREGOR?

OUT THERE, SASA.

HE'S SOMEWHERE OUT THERE...

...IN THE FOG.

MISTER ZEVON?

CALL ME WARNER, PLEASE.

YESSIR. WE'LL BE ENTERING THE DISTORTION ZONE ANY SECOND.

IF YOU'VE NEVER DONE THIS BEFORE...

...YOU'RE DEFINITELY GOING TO WANT TO BE BELTED IN.

STRAPPED RIGHT RIGHT AGAIN.
GO FOR BOAT RIDE.

CROSS BLACK RIVER WHERE SUN IN SKY NOT SHINE EVER.

SMILE AT HAPPY MONKEY FRIEND.

HAPPY MONKEY FRIEND SMILE BACK.
CAN'T SEE WHERE GOING.

SOUNDS LIKE FUN AMUSEMENT PARK FOR HAPPY MONKEY FRIEND AND ME ON OTHER SHORE.

WHISTLE GOES TOOT-A-TOOT.

ENGINE ROARS.
WHEELS TURN.

SON OF ULTRON